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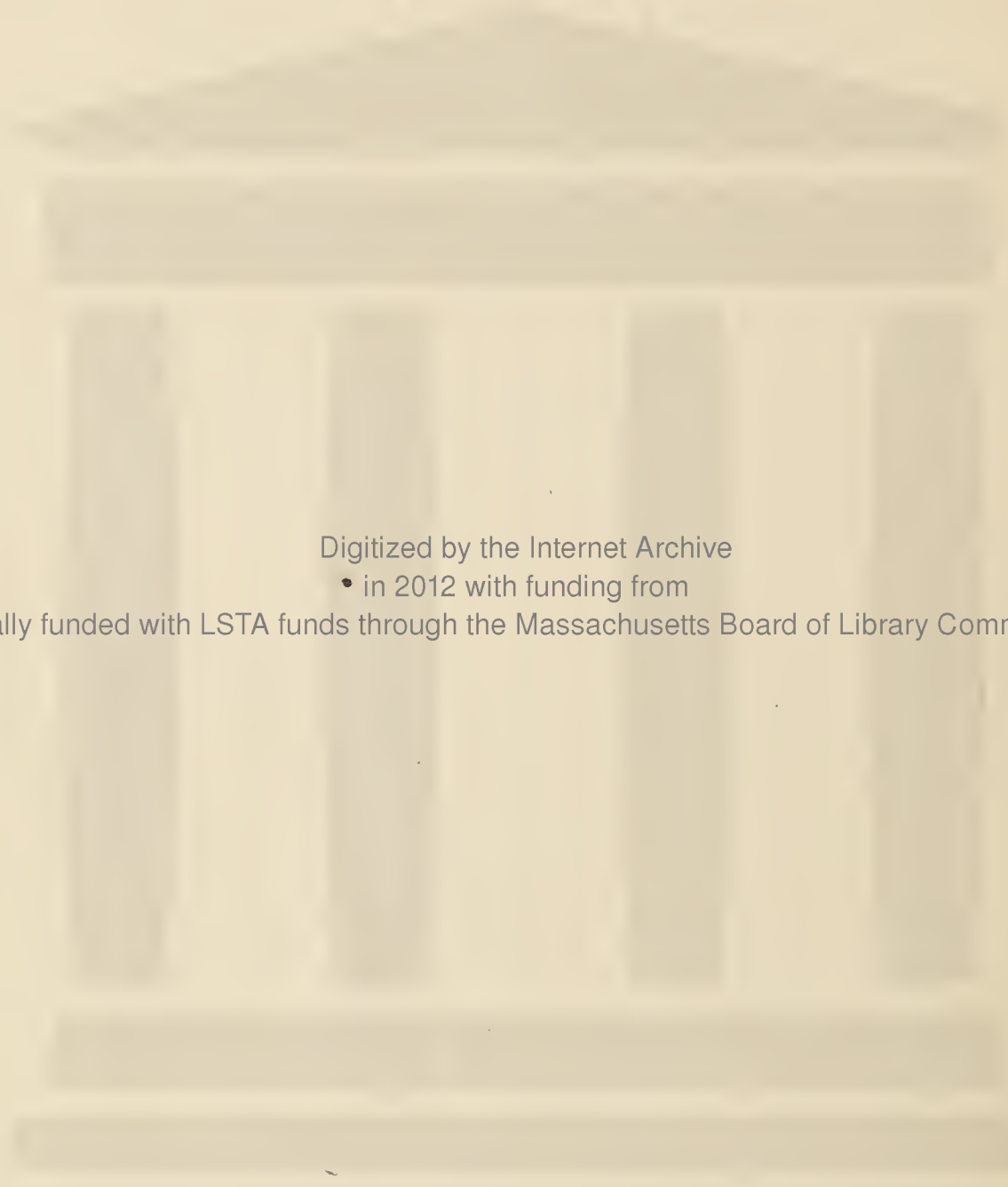

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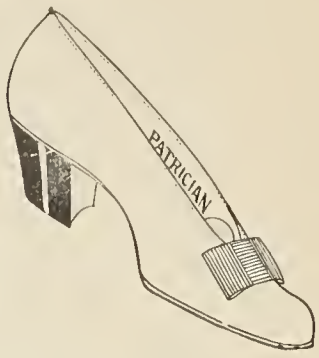

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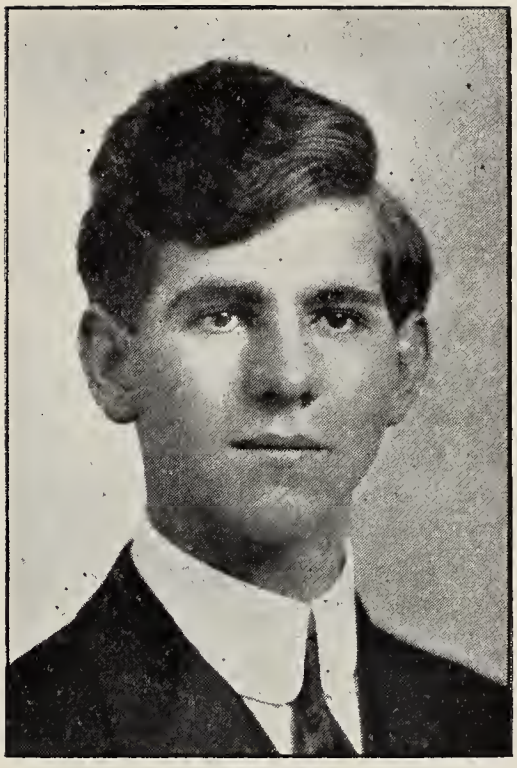

CLASS OFFICERS

Salutatory

JEANNETTE DABOLL

Ladies and Gentlemen:

THE Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twelve welcomes you cordially to these exercises, which mark the close of our High School life. Our school days have been busy, happy ones and they make us look forward with pleasure to the life before us.

In school we have been continually urged to do things which should be of lasting benefit. This last year, especially, we have been encouraged to read books worth reading and a list of the best was given to each pupil. Now, is it not a waste of time to read books which give us nothing to think about and no information, when other books, written in just as interesting a style, are at hand? For instance, we all know the bare history of the Civil War, the dates of the battles and the number of men killed, *perhaps*, but how many of us ever realized the human, the personal, the utterly sad part of it all until we had read such books as "The Crisis" or Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln?" We learn the facts of Roman history, but it takes "The Last Days of Pompeii" to make us realize that real people lived at that time who felt in just the same way that we feel. These books are more interesting than many purely imaginative stories, because they give the spirit of the past. We surely owe much to these books and we realize our debt, the more we read them. As Carlyle says: "In books lies the soul of the Whole Past Time: the articulate, audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream."

Perhaps the most inspiring books are those which tell about the lives of famous people. There is something inexplicable in a well-written biography, which we gain in no other kind of book. In autobiographies especially, the living spirit of the man breathes through every paragraph and cannot but be inspiring. In the late Tom L. Johnson's book, "The Story of My Life," we feel very keenly the indomitable power and will which fought so long and splendidly to conquer at last, and the thought comes to us, that if he could fight against great odds so bravely, surely we can fight and conquer our petty daily troubles. Reading the lives of such people as Alice Freeman Palmer, Booker T. Washington, Thomas A. Edison, Lord Nelson, or Daniel Webster incites us to accomplish things as they did. As one of the great uses of books is to arouse a good ambition in us, surely those books are most useful to us which have that influence.

One good result of reading standard authors, such as Dickens and others who portray human nature wonderfully well, is the interest it gives us in people round about us. We like to watch them and see wherein they resemble characters with

whom we have become familiar through our reading. Everyone has met a Micawber, always "waiting for something to turn up;" a Mrs. Micawber, who will "never desert Mr. Micawber;" a beautiful "little Nell," with someone depending upon her; a splendid Agnes, ready to be a good angel to some David, and even a Uriah Heep, who is "always 'umble." When we are alone in a crowd, we feel much less lonely if we can amuse ourselves by finding the types of people about which we have read.

Another result of good reading is the ability to discuss interesting subjects in an interesting manner and with enjoyment. A mutual enjoyment of books immediately gives a common bond of interest. Through another's eyes, we see the book in new light. If it is worth while, there are usually social conditions, characters or historical events to talk over. By this means, we gain a new insight into life and broaden our interests. No one is pleasanter to meet than the person who has read books on varied subjects and who enjoys talking about them. Then, too, historical novels are good sources from which to get the history of the times about which they are written, in a pleasant way.

From this it must not be inferred that we have not noticed, appreciated, and taken advantage of the progressive movement in our school during the last four years. Important strides forward have been made and we have not been blind to them. The Athletic Field is filling a long-felt need in giving the school its own ground for all kinds of sports; an excellent equipment for presenting dramas in our own hall is surely a splendid addition; then, a vocational bureau has been formed to help those who wish, to find congenial work; the courses of study have been enlarged and a great advance in Domestic Science and Physical Culture has been made. In the last two years, also, we have had the privilege of hearing men in the different professions as well as in business, tell about their work. Thus, we have had the advantage of listening to a number of inspiring, live talks. Yet we believe that the reading of good books is essential and fundamental in any scheme of education in every age. Moreover, there is a danger of forgetting this, especially today, when public school education tends so strongly toward the utilitarian. So our apology for speaking on this old-fashioned subject is—"Lest we forget."

CLASS OF 1912

Valedictory

ATHERTON MONROE

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

THE modern high schools are equipping young people with all the knowledge that books contain, still they are not equipping enough with that important abstraction which books also contain, culture. There is, therefore, an evident lack of refinement in the deportment of many high school pupils. This deficiency has two chief sources, one, inside; the other outside of the school. The damming of these springs is not, of course, wholly within the power of the school, but it is in its power to lay a firm foundation upon which the pupil may construct his retaining walls.

The causes of the lack of culture which issue from the internal source are these: the strong tendency of the pupil to master merely the text of his assignments, the practical courses, and lastly, the too great scarcity of teachers who are innately polished and who are interested in teaching gentility as well as X plus Y equals 3.

The difficulty on the part of the pupil lies here: he does not see the interesting or the educational points. He goes about his work with the sole idea of satisfying the teacher, rather than with the design of instructing himself. He does not realize that the school is for *his* good, not for the teacher's, and that if he does not make the best use of it, he is doing himself an injury. This is a fundamental principle, which, when thoroughly understood, will make school life much pleasanter. In the practical courses, culture is present, although more deeply hidden; just enough so that the average student fails to get it, and, therefore, has only bones when he should have meat. Because of this fact, the pupil is likely to go through life but poorly nourished, unless he helps himself to the best. The most efficient remedy is, then, to mix the practical and the cultural evenly, that the pupil may be furnished with both meat and bone in their most beneficial combination.

Now let us consider the teacher's part. It is easy to imagine the time when the teaching forces of our schools will be recruited largely from the first generation of the educated, unless something is done to make the profession worth while to the second generation. If we cease to have families of teachers, if the sons and daughters of professional men, the cultured, the refined, no longer find teaching to their liking, it would be well to look into the causes, remedy them, and so save much inherited and acquired culture for the school. If this refinement could be thus saved, the evident need of it, as mentioned above, would be partly obviated.

The external causes of the lack of culture are the street, and extreme athleticism. By the street, we mean its associations. For instance, when a person spends his spare time on the street, lounging up and down,

loitering in the doorways, or dawdling on the corner, we know that such a person is not receiving much culture, simply because the street is not a center of refinement. The school, of course, has no control over one except in school hours; as a result, the little polish acquired daily in the schoolroom is tarnished by the vulgar atmosphere of the street. In the same way, home culture is destroyed. It is very evident that when the street has a warm room in the heart, culture has an icy corner in the mind.

An attack of extreme athleticism is not so difficult to treat; it is simply an overindulgence in sport. It is a lesser evil than loafing, yet will do much harm if left unwatched. It is a well-known fact that the language of the athletic world is not elegant, that the manners are not polished, that the conduct there is not refined. Then, on the part of some athletes, there is a striving for newspaper fame that is very apt to drive cultivation away. Oftentimes a person in such a case will throw everything else, culture included, aside, for the sake of newspaper notoriety. It is surely a great price to pay for such a return.

The worst effect of both these evils is obvious: they shut out the taste for refined companions and instructive reading, and lead clearly to a loss of gentility, which, together with knowledge, should be an aid to progress. A rough path may be shaped by blindly smashing through life with the ponderous, blunt sledge-hammer of practicality, but a smooth highway may be constructed with that same hammer, augmented by the keen edge of culture. Refinement always aids its possessor.

Culture may be acquired in various ways, one of the best of which is by direct contact with the best minds among men, a means not so universal as reading, but more broadening in its effect. In our dealings with such men, we hear the best language, find the best manners, receive the best ideas; briefly, we see culture pictured before us on canvas of the same general weave as our own, but painted much more delicately and harmonically; the impression received, too, is far clearer than that of any book, deeper than that of a printed page, far more educational than that of mere words. Consequently, in our contact with these masterpieces, the paint, the culture, rubs off, as it were, without harming the original, and contributes toward the betterment of our own portrayal of refinement.

Culture, knowledge, knowledge, culture; they work best side by side; let us remember then, as we pass on, that knowledge and culture are also truth, and that truth conquers!

MIRROR STAFF

Prophecy of the Class of 1912

WILLIAM BAILEY

TO the casual observer it must seem pathetic, exasperating and embarrassing that I, a humble and a peaceful citizen, should insolently vaunt myself the most sensible person along the entire course of the river Charles, and immediately thereafter aver my immaculate modesty. Nevertheless, these are facts; and facts have proof. On the thirteenth instant of this preceding month, the mighty Charles turned over in his bed. All Waltham was shaken by the shock. But, I humbly assert and do solemnly attest that I, and I only, was sensible to the shock, and that I only was consciously shocked, although it is asserted that at some time between the hours of twelve and one that night, as the water began to flow up instead of down the dam, the machinery of the Boston Manufacturing Company, which by the way is run by water-power, did for a while go backwards, and instead of turning out the usual woolen stuffs, turned out instead lambs, with the first letter slightly modified. It is also said that at about this time the compasses of the good ship Hercules did for a while point every which way, but this I ascribe more to the violent somnambulistic delusions which Captain Cobb was about this time undergoing than to the disturbance of the water. He was stealing bases in the Newton game.

But how, why, or wherefore I should be abroad at this ghastly hour is not for the vulgar ken and inquiring looks of men. Suffice to say, here I was, with the stiff, bending rows of artificial lights receding into the distance and the prancing ripples playfully reflecting the cream-like effusion of my stern light. Irresistibly I dangled my hand in the mellow waters. The boat waved gently up and down, for that ever efficient and sufficient body, known as the Metropolitan Park Commission, were industriously engaged in dredging a grape-arbor in the cemetery. I glided softly on. Then—horrible d i c t u—t h e above mentioned shock occurred, and a most horrible prodigy presented itself to my eyes. As sometimes a muddy stream cleaves the bank of a snow-white course and pollutes this stream with its sluggish waters, my hand destroyed the sparkling purity of our delightful Charles. At this ominous sight a terrible faintness overcame me while the all-sympathetic eyes of heaven twinkled in silent mirth at my most child-like horror. Then my hand and eyes were overcome by an indescribable itching and smarting and I was compelled to rub them. No sooner had my dripping hand lent its moisture to my burning eye-balls than a blinding flash almost destroyed my vision. Even now when I stare at the starry heavens, a bright glare stretches across the sky, and it still strangely affects my eyes to stare at the sun.

Then gradually the glaring blindness was swept away from my eyes and the bright light seemed to melt into the form of a

flourishing suburb of a great city of the middle of the twentieth century, and I recognized in the green outlines the growing city of Waltham. The season was about the beginning of summer, when the noisy bees in the bright, blossoming gardens vie with each other in their errands of diligence, and tirelessly chant their nasal refrains on frugality and husbandry. With buoyant spirits and with footsteps lighter than Day, too happy for artificial aid, I stretched my ambulatory segments and attacked the city by a most circuitous route. I was amply repaid for my pains; for as I approached the city in the course of the North Wind, a series of explosions shocked my ears. I stepped back and scanned the horizon. Many stone-throw's distant, bathing his feet in the Cambridge Water Basin and sitting on the rocky crest of Prospect Hill, was our lofty and respected president, James Frederic Wright Clark. Exuberant at the sight of one sympathetic mortal, he churned the rocky waters in delight. He smiled from ear to ear, and modulated these words in his cupped hands:

"Oh dear and long lost brother, welcome back to our midst! The way of the world is hard, but the weight of the icemen is worse. Rejoice in your heart, and all is well."

Of course, such an inquisitive individual as I could not refrain from asking foolish questions. He was in the employ of the Edison Electric Light Company, making light of bad matters. What these bad matters were he did not say, but I could easily imagine. He had put Atlas out of business by standing on his earthen pedestal and shoving the sky up several hundred feet, and that poor worthy had died between sorrow and joy at the loss of his life-long occupation. Of course, this was a rare streak of luck for the undertakers, but a poor day for Frederic. Henceforth Frederic must support the sky which, indeed, left him little enough to support a family.

He had displayed his aggressive and enterprising disposition by making a corner on the sun for his employers, which, although it severely burned his thumb and forefinger, made a fortune for his firm.

Fred didn't stop to take the shells off the peanuts! No!! He could easily clean out a bakery at one sitting. But he could at a pinch be appeased by such articles as apple-trees and the like. Of the first he would spit out the roots which, being chewed up fine, made excellent kindling wood, while animals he ate much as we eat apples, spitting out the skin at each mouthful. He was the terror of aeronauts, from whose machines he would eat the wings and whom, to their great alarm, he would drop from some fabulous height to certain, sudden death, only to save them by sticking out his leg to watch them slide down his shin and glide off his big toe, for like the great Gunga Din of yore, "a twisty piece of rag and a goat-skin water-bag was all the field equipment 'e could find "that was anyway near big enough. The reason for his great size, he said, was a slight mistake he had made when back in the high school while trying to find out what Hydrogen Sulph-ate. With his peculiar guttural sounds he directed me to every member of our glorious class and promised me his well-wishes and even assistance. Thrice he spat lustily upon his hands and anointed my head with the same. A strange power came over me and I was able to render myself either visible or invisible as desire and necessity came upon me. Light of heart and limb I advanced and turned my attention to our charming secretary and treasurer. There she sat in the chimney-corner in a ripe, old age, or rather in a rocking chair worn out with old age, her cheeks glowing in the light and heat of a smouldering fire, also, perhaps, in the excitement obtained from dashing off harmless-looking little notes entitled, "Class of 1912, Dr., $200." If your name was on it, blush; but blushing won't

ever get the class a red cent. At her dainty feet lay a half finished manuscript entitled, "Barry(ers) Burst Away, or Moody's Gloom in a Gloomy Mood," and "Promenading as a FINE Art." Here she was after a somewhat turbulent passage on Life's uncertain course. She still retained her rosy cheeks and genial smile which was wont to broaden into a grin as she told of a certain little notice appearing on the board in Room 19: "If Jack Frost paid his class dews, would Jeannette Daboll?"

But there is money in our midst. Lawrence says there is great money in Al-hens. Verily, we believe you, Lawrence, but "bad news, like bad eggs, should be broken gently. Pst! Lawrence, Rachel Sawyer! By the way, Claribel and Lawrence are engaged in the production of hens and henkind out on Bacon street, where Allen is continually startling the world with his strange discoveries. Only yesterday he announced that he had found a yoke of oxen in a "hard" boiled egg. Notice that we say "hard" boiled, for we had quite an argument with Lawrence over the same, and finally arrived at the conclusion that a *hardly* boiled egg is not the required result. But for the benefit of history in general let me state that Lawrence always preferred teacher's understudying to studying under teachers.

And Warren, too, had other Ames. The youngest died last week, leaving one solitary aim—self destruction. He said it was because he couldn't make Alice Wheeler; but then, we don't know. Perhaps you thought Alice was intended for another! But this is as we found them; and sew is so and fairs are fouls, if you didn't see the umpire last. And what became of Fred Stearns, you ask! Oh! after breaking the Edison record for distinct speaking into a phonograph horn, Fred accepted an important diplomatic position in Turkey, and was finally adopted by the Kaliph. As he found this life very congenial, he settled down there and wrote several exhausting treatises on Shakespeare.

Now for Alfred Paul Behrman, that worthy who, it is asserted by one of our illustrious contemporaries, attained his highest degree of development at the age of fourteen and thenceforth lived in a state of child-like innocence. True to his nature, disposition and inclination, boys will be boys and Alfy is Alfy. When I saw him he was in the same old business. He was running a nursery. He was, however, at that time making a specialty of Geometries and Ambushes. He said there was money in both, and of course I believed him. But we always suspected Alfy of medical inclinations: he was such a good German. But that was probably spoiled by sitting so near that Brackett. Richard, by the way, was enjoying the sweet distinction of being the first Speaker of the House from Waltham. His famous speech to the School Board denouncing the study of Latin in the public schools is now read all over the country, and Richard with his fetching smile and manly tread is Speaker of the House—er, that is, he is supposed to be. But you can imagine how much Richard would say with Louise Taylor in the same House. "Lucy," too, had gathered world-wide note in her famous fight for the quart-measure, abolition of drying towels, and by her third oration asking how much the improvement of our water-ways.

But still the end is not always governed at the start. Take Richard Burckes, for instance. Although he was always good at making faces, who ever suspected such an inattentive, mischievous scamp as Dicky of making watches. But perhaps it was through the second virtue, for, as his card signified, we found him as Richard Burckes, *Vice*-president, Waltham Watch Company. And speaking of Burckes, reminds one of "Biscuits." Hazel was president of the famous "Elysium Club," an amalgamation of five, whose roll embraced Hazel Elizabeth

Bistrup, president; Alice Elizabeth Gorman, secretary; Marion Elizabeth Hines, treasurer; Hazel Elizabeth Hodgman, art-director, and Florence Elizabeth Murphy, vice-president. Their influence in Waltham social and political social circles was second only to that of Nellie Barry and the Waltham Woman's Club; while their specific sphere was reviving and restoring the Elizabethan Era. As a sort of a side issue they conducted a huge department store on Felton street. Its surrounding scenery was superb. On one side, one was reminded of the pleasures of our school-life by the grinding of the Barry Lumber Mill. A sweet, effervescent fragrance permeated the entire locality and rose, no doubt, from a modest little garden in the background, where to the benefit of her purse and to the satisfaction of the aged city fathers, Hazel Arletta Arneson, successfully bent all her consumate agricultural endowments in the art of raising tracks.

Florence Murphy served in the capacity of chief buyer and head of the provision department, while Hazel Bistrup had charge of the candy-counter, where "Elysium Kisses" seemed to be the chief attraction. I had pushed everybody in the crowd and was starting in pursuit of a middle-aged lady over at the hardware counter whom I had not yet bumped into, when I felt a tickling sensation on my right foot. I cast my eyes to the ground and beheld the advance-guard of one of Kearsley's feet. In desperate haste I mounted an adjacent stool and awaited the arrival of its owner. After a brief cessation of hostilities, during which I reviewed and applauded the many counter attacks, Bert hove into sight. His nose was smeared with blood, while little pieces of glass sparkled playfully on the dark background of his gorgeous Prince Albert coat, and my glance slipped on a daub of caked soup as I stared at the otherwise spotless and glaring shirt front, the poor position of which I ascribed to its poor bringing up. "Hardware, first floor; underwear, elevator to the next floor; glassware, third floor; silverware, fourth floor; and an unsurpassed toy annex on the seventh floor. Luncheon served every half hour, and double, illegal stamps every Friday afternoon. If the goods don't suit, don't bring them back. Count your change, please, before you leave the counter, ma'm," quoth Kearsley, tempo accelerando manner, patting his delicate, golden locks. Then turning abruptly on his heel, he tore up half a dozen tickets to a *grand* opera. In a frenzy I embraced his knees as a suppliant and entreated him to show me a-bout. He laughingly tossed me a couple of tickets to the Randles-Johnson fight that evening. "Second floor, third counter to the right," he announced by habit and bid me "come on."

We found Hazel Hodgman skillfully drawing water in the art-department, and Lillian Barker in the medical department, making a specialty of window panes and hour-glasses. Marion Hines had charge of the Men's Furnishings Department; and it was here that I met a Munroe and Fletcher, the only two male members of the firm. Atherton, who had while in our midst prepared to study naval designing at Tech, was engaged in the crockery department designing vessels. He had caused a complete metamorphoses in the medical world by the publication of his startling theory which enjoyed world-wide fame under the name of Munroe Doctoring; but his supreme desire seemed some day to become a really, truly editor on a really, truly paper. Fletcher, on the other hand, suffered considerable fame as a locksmith. He had renewed the auburn locks of John D., and had invented locks which prevented the wearer from losing his head, but his specialty was hemlocks. It was rumored, however, that Frank was not quite right in his head and his own sunny locks were afflicted with decay, this being due from injury to the cube-roots formed by patient

SENIOR PLAY CAST

attendance at Ross' lunch-counter, while the first from super acceleration, they said, caused, aided, and abetted by that delightful trip the cast had to Castle Square to see what Romeo and Juliett.

I found Herrick Greenleaf running the elevator, which, being a hydraulic affair, ran about as fast as I could walk. I asked him how he was and he said that he was (draughts)man, which in the end I found was merely a dignified way of stating that he was janitor. In sympathy, I lamented his paleness, which I supposed was due to the confining nature of his work. He refuted this theory, however, and explained that he had broken his trom-bone. His friends said that, although it was a great thing for the community, it had affected Herrick's reason; but to me Herrick seemed better off without his trom-bone. And, speaking of the confining nature of his work, let me say right here, Dot Buell gave up her position on the police force for this very reason. By the way, her book, "Athletic Training for School Girls," is almost a classic with a host of endorsers.

But to me it seemed simple, nonsensical, and silly to have A. Dorr daubed on an article of the same name. Surely, I thought, they give us credit for that much sense, even if they do assert a strictly cash business. But I was even more surprised when I saw the interior of the room. There sat Alice, up to her neck in waste-paper, and every here and there overturned ink-bottles lent their gruesome horror to the dismal scene. Disgust boiled in my throat; but I was forced to grin at the awful timidity of my guide. Respect then dulled the edge of contempt as I listened to her wonderful exploits. Her payrole name was Economical Readjuster. It was whispered that she had saved her firm ten times her salary in one year, but her latest innovation, which startled this quiet world, was one whereby she did away with the shirt-waste.

On the sixth floor I found a unique sale in odd shoes in the process of preparation. With dripping brow and upturned sleeves, Mildred Chatterbox Smith flitted here and there between the counters, stopping only long enough, as she encountered me, to explain that tomorrow she would startle the world with a sale of woman's rights. In an isolated corner of the same floor I found "Pat" McCabe. His eyes were concealed by immense smoked glasses, which he was compelled to wear on account of severely strained muscles obtained by four strike-outs in the Arlington game. He was chief salesman of the refrigerator department. As usual, he was keeping very cool. He had enhanced the beauty of a delightful roof-garden by the installation and culture of some exquisite cold-storage plants. Their cool and soothing fragrance was the delight of the wearied shopper.

From here, after a delightful little repast served by a trim little maid in white, namely Mary Taylor, I descended with breathless haste in the elevator, and I had scarcely emerged from this disreputable street and again set foot upon the concrete ways of Moody street when a most striking spectacle smote my vision. Our Principal might well exclaim that he would like to see all the Fyfes in the Assembly Hall. Truly, they were a wonderful sight! At their head strode Harold Eaton and Carl Richards, two lusty coppers with the traditional brass buttons and big feet. Then behind them fluttered a large banner bearing this inscription, "O Ling, Oriental Circus." Behind this smiled Irmgarde Oelling herself on a milk white charger; at her right rode Laura Belle Smith, famous for her rendering of the Jolly Black Smiths; and at her left rode in the guise of Cupid the late lamented Herby Evans, who—sad fate!!—implicitly following instructions, shot himself in a basket-ball game. Behind these shrieked a noisy brass band; the bass-drum, supported by Marguerite Daniells, was maliciously beaten by Constance Hicks.

Josephine Pelkey played second bass, Mildred Harvey, the cymbols; Lucy Buker, the piccolo; Kathryn Havey, the cornet; and Myra Morris and Signa Ridstrom, the kettle drums. Ora Gove was drum major. Shortly behind these came the rubber-band. They were mounted on a high wagon and consisted of Gertrude Butterfield, who played the clarinet; Bertha McKenna, the harmonica; Helen Dougherty, the cymbals; and Mary McDonough, the geometry expert, who played the triangles. Every little while along the route Beatrice Greenleaf mounted a soap box and rooted for woman's rights. Drowning her humble efforts, Bessie Strom shouted through a megaphone: "Don't forget the big baseball game Saturday afternoon at 3.30, Bloomer Girls vs. Athletics. Batteries for today—WILL BE: Flossie May Maenche and Edith Eliva Marguerite Kristenson; for the Athletics, William Edward Duffy and Tris Speaker." The procession was brought to a close by the shrieks of a noisy steam organ, steered and guided by Helen Bernice Adams.

Lost in fond reveries, with my mind's eye I traced the course of the ark, how it had fondly settled on the summit of Mount Prospect and then gracefully slid down into its present cozy nest. It was still there, and I even found the very place, and I even fitted my envied relic into its former position. The wind and weather had changed the hole but little and it fitted the chink to perfection. Mindful of the sanctifying touch of the patriarch Noah, I kissed it in superstitious awe, when a husky looking buzz wagon slid into place alongside of me and a man-shaped creature rushed into the store nearby, muttering something about death and taxis, while I recognized the features of Stick Day and Charlie Janes in the laughing inmates. Of course, we scraped, salaamed, and grinned; and then my classmates rushed out, thumped me on the shoulders, about crushed by hands, and did about everything customary to start the flow of conversation, which, of course, was not as hard as it looked among such long-parted friends. Charlie, I learned, had gone through Harvard in two years, receiving "magna cum laude" in Latin and in Algebra. He then completed his education at Heidelberg University, Germany, where he broke the world's record in both the hundred and the hammer-throw on the same day. Besides tutoring wayward students in French, he was conducting joy-rides to Castle Square. Slats had acquired world-wide fame as head of the Belmont Detective Agency through his skilful management of a murder mystery. Cobb, the big fellow who had rushed past me so impolitely, they said, had tired of football and baseball and had gone back to E. S. Ball, and was still quite a favorite with the candy case. Coming out of the store, I espied a prosperous looking young citizen whose carefree, smiling countenance brightened if not cheered me. All of us must have our ups and downs, but he asserts that he got the latter with his name only. "Nat" Downs it is—by baptism Nathaniel Edward —still the same old fish, although now the proud possessor of knowledge bearing on the locality of Medford Hills, and even yet he is looking for some honest and upright citizen to present him with that "W" which he says he earned, although he declares that it is like striking a "W" on an upright piano.

In imminent peril of my life, I crossed the rustling Charles by way of Moody street suspension bridge, so-called from the state of mind of those going over or under, and from the rapidity with which repairs are conducted upon it. Scarcely had I put it a stone's throw behind my back when I had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with Messrs. Duffy and Morrisey, the latter plus an M. D. Bianca says that Henry couldn't make an ink-well; but, ah! the little town bows in reverence to our Henry, for Henry

is different from the regular clique: he touches before he cures like the mighty kings of yore. Duffy, on account of his failing eyesight, had been compelled to retire from active big-league service, but, unable to resist the lure of the big game, he invested his carefully saved earnings, and for the seventh consecutive year had succeeded in bringing the pennant to Boston and had entered as many victorious teams in world's championship series. He was a decided success as a big-league magnate, with a decided attraction for the stars. Wondering at the boy with the wheel-barrow who dogged Duffy's footsteps and gasping at his prodigous diamond, I commented on its great size and necessary weight. "Yes," he replied, "but the sun makes it light and I have this wheel-barrow for dark days."

But, say, you ought to see Harold Eaton! Pa had gone into the restaurant business, and, of course, allotted one to himself. Besides taking up policing as a past-time, he became famous as the tennis champion of the United States. I was, indeed, surprised at the success of one, Carl Emerson. He had successfully combined the ministry with the shoe business, and had acquired an enviable reputation by the invention and manufacture of a simple little device for saving soles. When I saw him, he was rapidly increasing his reputation and his wealth, both of which he squandered so recklessly back in the High School.

But our poet one turned out to be a taxidermist. In the year of our Lord 1923, George Herbert Everett, Jr., entered the employ of the Scenic Play House Company and took up the work of dressing bears. Three years later his wife, Laura Stewart. obtained a divorce from him on account of his familiarity with the stars, and the judge only growled, "I thought so," when Bert named his astronomy teacher. In remorse Bert resigned his munificent position, and after two years of endeavoring to survive by his piscatorial attainments, he accepted the position of janitor at the La Flagg seminary for girls, where Fred was making a great success, due, no doubt, to his close observation of girl-kind while still a youth. He was ably assisted by H. Fleming, as spiritual adviser, who said that his greatest difficulty was in "trying" aeronauts; Herby French took great pains in the instruction of the art of distinct articulation and ventriloquism, although he did at times serve as assistant to Hazel Sherman, athletic trainer. Winifred Cushing took up the art of teaching and imparting real knowledge of geometry, but to this day she has never been able to find her figure on the blackboard, although she stoutly asserts that it is not a scalene triangle. Laura Fisher and Winifred Douglas vied with each other in the most modern methods of teaching German; and the better to accomplish this end, they even adopted the native costume, which, to say the least, had a very picturesque effect. Canoeing and automobiling were taught by a Miss Howe. Although Roberta Johnson was without an equal as a linguist, she was much better known as the inventor of the Library-bureau and the income derived from the royalties on this invention she gave to the school. Fred, the founder, was ably assisted in his multifarious and imposing duties by his wife, Edith Wallis, and by the timely suggestions of his copper-friend, Carl Richards. The institution had been considerably benefited of late by the magnificent gift of a good old kind-hearted widow, by name Marion Henry, who especially desired that it be used in the study of small fruits, a subject which she herself had found so congenial.

But of all the scholars the Waltham High School or Amherst College ever *turned out,* few are more prosperous than Harold Kaler. From a lowly citizen and a football manager, Kaler developed into an upright and respected citizen. On account of his pre-eminence and standing in the pursuit

of agricultural learning, he was duly installed under the seventh consulship of Marcus Xtellus as a farmer of the public revenue. His knowledge on this subject was exhaustive and he displayed remarkable skill and ingenuity in the art of grafting. What surprised me most, however, was Kaler's personal appearance. It was reported that none of the city's resources were going to (Waist!), but, gorry, Kaler was! As I entered his office a most corpulent affair strutted over to me and, had it not been for the outstretched hand, I would never have called it Kaler. Shaking hands seemd like engulfing the said member in pillows. He said, "Sit!" I did—he didn't: he rolled back onto a chair, and half a dozen waist-coat buttons played pit-a-pat on the ceiling. My, he was fat! If it had not been for the traditional cordiality of the stout man, my call would have been anything but pleasant. As it was, I almost choked when he suggested that we both descend in the same elevator—together—at once. Of course, I feigned elevator-sickness, and, as he could not follow, clattered down the stairs alone. In the door-way I passed Dorothy Allen, clad in the garb of chief of the fire department. She had lessened the number of fires in the shopping district ninety percent by the prohibition of fire-sales, and had once gone to a fire so quickly in her new automobile that before she got there, she met herself coming home. With her was Hattie Louise Taylor, who, besides enjoying the honors mentioned above, was drawing her salary as a drawing teacher. She was a great success as a drawing teacher. She drew crowds from all over the United States, and it was said that she had tearlessly refused thirty suitors in one day. It was hinted that the Six Little Brothers, Taylors, were the only ones who could suit her.

You may try to be familiar with the different Stiles in automobiles, but there is one with which you can't. Then, again, all the world seems familiar with Marguerite and her petite machinist, Irene Hoyt. Marguerite holds the world's record for the two-twenty in an automobile. She completed her education as a coed at Tufts, where she became known as the greatest protrayer of Shakespeare's woman characters since Eve. She had played before all the crowned heads of Europe, and while in German playing Romeo and Juliet, in the balcony scene, the scenery for some unknown reason broke down, causing Marguerite severe injuries. Irene surprised her many friends by becoming a militant suffragette and was elected first woman Mayor of South Waltham. Her reign, like that of Augustus, was very beneficial because of the many wise laws instituted by her, among which was the law regulating divorce; the ground work was given her by Mrs. Reade.

But God-ber praised! We almost forgot you! She says she didn't find Wil-ard, so we suppose he found her easy, and we found Willard as the grey-bearded patriarch of a flourishing little Latin colony on Spring street, a street always in favor with the Rowe-mans. But Willard was especially famous as the inventor and builder of Rowe-boats, and as the founder of a rowing school in Auburndale.

And their fame was as a match in extreme darkness which lights up a solitary face. Walter Randles was as a fixed star in a clouded heaven which seems charmed against the obstruction of a dusky cloud. For years the world throbbed under the blows of Walter E. Randles, *paper*-weight champion of the United States. Of course, this fame was in part due, no doubt, to the faithful work of his trainor, Henry Reed, founder of the "Horrible Logic School," which taught the sailors how to make watches. He acted in the capacity of trainor and manager, being an expert in oweds!

But of all our number, one only has risen

so high as Hubert Welcome. After discovering the *Wright* method of flying, in a flight of the Imagination on July 4, 1913, he attained an altitude of 7,000 feet. Of course, it was due to Varley, who was serving a life term as Welcome's mechanician. He put the propeller on wrong-side-to, and before Welcome could overcome his surprise and regain control of the machine, it had risen to this remarkable and unpremeditated height. This event alone made "Welcome!" a byword, the subject of every conversation, the first word among long-parted friends, and was even inscribed over people's doorways. The Rose, that craft over which Welcome spent so much time and thought while in our midst, rose once and never Rose again.

Then came a terrible crash. I shook the water from my eyes and floundered frantically to the weedy shore, eventually bringing up in the wilds of Stony Batter. My wrist and eye were all swollen. Two days later an ant-covered hulk was announced far down the stream. Of course, it is only a surmise; but I don't see how in our well kept and finely dredged river, I could ever have mixed the shores with the waves and gone ploughing the tops off of ant hills. But love is blind!

Class Ode

HENRY L. REED

As sunrise stains the sky at dawn,
  Across the desert sands,
A pilgrim plods his way, forlorn,
  To distant Holy Lands.
Beyond the glaring, burning white,
  The snow-capped mountains show,
And at their base, the palms invite
  To shades where streamlets flow.

Across the glaring sands of Life
  A path there is, that leads
To peace and fame, thru all the strife
  For those of noble deeds.
The way is clear if we will fight
  With Truth close at our hand,
And it will lead to temples bright,
  In distant Holy Lands.

Today we leave the castle wall,
  The sands of Life to cross,
And swiftly shall our footsteps fall;
  For it shall be our loss
If we pass not across the sand
  Ere day gives place to night
And reach the palms where temples stand,
  And all is fair and bright.

FOOTBALL SQUAD

Class History, 1912

MILDRED SMITH

THE history of the Class of 1912 begins with the ringing of numerous alarm clocks at precisely 5.30 on the morning of the 9th of September, 1908. This summons is followed by a great deal of yawning and tossing about, and, at length, by the opening of countless blue or brown eyes, the owners of which remain drowsily idle for some few minutes. Gradually, however, each gains possession of his senses (the alarm clocks are automatic and do not permit of laziness!), sits up, and looks around to see what the trouble is. Now, what is the meaning of all that racket? Good gracious! Why, you are a Freshman in the Waltham High, and school begins this very day at eight o'clock! "The most unearthly hour," you mutter to yourself as you hasten to dress, but, for all your hurry, it is seven o'clock when you finally sit down to breakfast—a breakfast that it is impossible to eat. What human being could eat on such a momentous day?

At 7.15 you march bravely out the front door, join your comrades, and proceed to the scene of action. Somehow or other, you meet no upper-class men on your way. Horror seizes you. What if you should be late! Where would you go? What would you do? You hasten on. Ah! A sigh of relief escapes you, for there is the town clock, and it is exactly twenty-five minutes before eight! Eagerly you gather every classmate of yours about you (there is safety in numbers!) and await your fate. Ten minutes gone! Fifteen gone! Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors begin to come. How you envy them their carefree looks! Still in the group and clinging to your nearest neighbor, you enter the sacred portals and take refuge, if you are a girl, in room 8; if a boy, in room 5. For who so courageous as to dare walk down that lengthy corridor to the opposite end of the building?

Soon a bell rings. After receiving careful directions, you climb a great many stairs, and find yourself, at length, in the Assembly Hall. How proud you feel—until some rude upper-class men make very personal remarks in very audible whispers about the "greenness" of the Freshmen. Ah! who would think so small a word to hold so much contempt! You are requested to remain after morning exercises, and before long you are in the exact room and division in which you belong. And now you are in High School, and all the pictures, and statues, and bright sunny rooms are just as much yours as anyone else's! And one of those desks, with the most adorable sort of cover, is yours, too! Sometimes, to be sure, you find yourself searching in vain for your books, but that is only because you have unintentionally walked into the wrong room! A few such experiences as this makes you wish heartily for a silken cord such as

Theseus had to guide him safely through his labyrinth.

How quickly the days pass! Before we realize it, a month has gone, and we must hold a class meeting. We do so, with the result that Henry Reed is elected president, Nellie Barry, vice president; Atherton Monroe, secretary and treasurer; William Barry, representative to the Athletic Committee; and Lawrence Allen, class reporter. We also decide to make the class dues fifty cents a year.

About this time there is a great commotion recesses in the vicinity of the flagpole, and every member of the upper classes seems to hold a grudge against us Freshmen. You ask why? But cast your eyes heavenward. Behold! a 1912 flag is waving gallantly in the breezes, and what's more, it didn't come down in a hurry!

Within doors, lessons are progressing rapidly, and many are the brilliant recitations, especially in Latin. Why, only a day or two ago, some ingenious person declared that "perterrio" meant "pug-dog."

But now there is a very important matter up before us Freshmen, and that is the choice of our class pin. After considerable discussion, the pin has been chosen, and we are proud to be the first class to wear the established school pin. "Not that we love 1912 less, but that we love Waltham High more!"

The weeks come and go; lessons come and go; reports come and go; and finally, everything having come and gone, our first year in High School is over. We are no longer Freshmen—at last we have emerged from the Dark Ages, and we are not at all sorry. Neither are we sorry that vacation is here.

But the two months' vacation is soon over. Again we are in High School, only now we are Sophomores. We are especially conscious of the fact because of the swarms of very small and insignificant creatures who are always under foot—meaning, of course, the Freshmen. We feel pretty big this year, for may we not sing with the upper classes, have socials, and declamations, and all sorts of very delightful privileges? We are perfectly wild to have that first social of ours, but must wait our turn. And thus are we taught the meaning of patience!

First, however, we must see about class officers. On September 30th, a meeting is held and the following officers elected: Alfred Cobb, president; Nellie Barry, vice-president; Frank Dixon, secretary and treasurer.

Next, we must learn a little something, so we plunge boldly into Latin, geometry, German, English and a dozen or so other studies. Meanwhile, the general Division have been getting initiated into the marvels of typewriting, and have become so infatuated with the work that the recess bell itself can scarce tear them away.

And, lastly, we must have a little play, so quite a number of us join the Concilmen. "Salve" and "Vale" are the pass-words that let us into the good times and send us home after them. It will be a long time before we forget our afternoon at the bowling alley, the hare and hound race on Prospect, the lecture on Rome, and last, but in no wise least, our picnic. Perhaps you wonder why that is of so much importance. Easily explained! It was there that Fred Flagg first took such an interest in "It"—an interest which has, since infinitely increased until, at the present date, it takes the form of a deep and absorbing passion!

On the seventh of January, we hold our first class social, or rather, an apology for a social. If anyone can see anything particularly sociable about a crowd, every member of which is scared pink with bashfulness, we credit him with supernatural powers. But then, this is our first social—we hope they improve with experience. Our hopes are realized! The months have passed and on May 5, we hold our second

BASEBALL TEAM

social. The boys do nobly, all bashfulness has flown to the winds; and everyone has a perfectly splendid time.

The subject of class mottoes now comes up before the class. A committee is chosen, and after a week or two of searching round, "Veritas Vincit," (Truth Conquers) is decided upon. Each models his life thereby and strives valiantly to prove the honesty of this statement.

And now, at the last moment, summer comes hurrying in, and we find we are Juniors.

We assemble as such after the ten weeks' vacation and immediately hold a class meeting. There are so many present, the whole Assembly Hall is filled. (This statement is made on good authority, and is not to be contradicted!)

Harold Reed, Nellie Barry and Helen Carter are chosen by this vast multitude for president, vice-president, and secretary, respectively.

To say that we are "Juniors" is merely a convenient way of saying we are very wise and know everything about everything. To prove this, Rachel displays her boundless knowledge in Ancient History, and tell us that Agamemnon was a Scottish fighter. We also hear how Athens made a "treaty" (something between a truce and a treaty, most likely) and did a lot of other queer things.

Before long, we hold our first social, and all enjoy themselves immensely, playing "Drop the Handkerchief," "Winkum," "Where Art Thou, Rachael" (by the way, where was Rachel?), eating ice-cream, and dancing until "lights out" announced that it was time to depart nach Hause. The weeks pass by "silently one by one" as far as recitations are concerned, and it is not long before we hold another social and have another good time.

About this time, we are conscious that something of great importance is about to take place. To tell the truth, we are not allowed to forget it, for at all hours of the day we find ourselves pursued by Jeannette (since Helen has left school), who vainly endeavors to extort from us our class dues. All these things are merely preliminaries to the "Prom" which we give the Seniors. That Prom! We certainly have a most delightful time there, but ah! if only "twere done when 'tis done!" For weeks after, we are visited by the most terrible nightmares, and by the awful feeling that someone is ever waiting to spring at us. All too true! Financially, the Prom was a failure, and Jeannette is still on the warpath.

A few weeks after this great event, we bid good-bye to the Seniors, and find ourselves (at least, most of us do) ready to take their places.

On the eleventh of September, 87 of the 197 of us who entered Waltham High as Freshmen just four years ago, return for our last year, and we are now allowed to take our places in those long desired "front seats" in the Assembly Hall. It is here we learn, a few days later, that Atherton Monroe has been chosen as editor-in-chief of the "Mirror."

If we have looked forward to an easy time as Seniors, we are soon disillusioned. The lessons are worse and more of them—decidedly more of them. If we do not do them we pay the penalty, and, since the penalty is worse than the lesson, we strive to learn something. The results are "sehr kommish," especially in French. Edith goes so far as to tell us the history of those tribes existing before Adam himself, tells us they were fond of dates and figs and such things; Randalls gives himself away when he translates "J'ai froid" as "I am a fraud;" and Hazel is sure the man "had ten miles in his legs," even our most illustrious president is afflicted with this queer-translation disease, and calls Joan of Arc, "Jeanette." Well, Fred, we have always heard that the tongue will tell the secrets of the heart!

This year, we can hold a class social just as soon as we please, which is the twenty-seventh of October. It turns out to be a silhouette party, but we should hate to have to believe that some of us look anything like our silhouettes! At ten o'clock, we almost forgot ourselves and prepare to leave, but suddenly remember that we are now grown up and may enjoy another half hour of dancing. We go home very tired, very happy, and very glad we're Seniors (on account of that extra half hour!)

Just a word here about our 1912 football team. It's an all right good one, and under Hubert Welcome as captain, runs away with the inter-class championship. Three cheers for 1912.

And now, for several weeks, everyone buckles down to hard study, for "Es" are well nigh unattainable, while "Ds" are quite the opposite. As a reward for work well (?) done, we have our Senior Dance in this hall on the first day of December. One would think our committee professional decorators to see all the red and white flags, penants, streamers and plants so tastefully arranged. The 1912 moonlight dances were greatly appreciated; so were the refreshments! One and all proclaim the dance the "best ever" and the committee "A No. 1." But, best of all, we were a number of dollars on the right side of getting into debt.

Another month, Christmas vacation, New year's with resolutions to study hard, and then the second class social—this one in the form of a Leap Year Party. The girls surely "done noble," about thirty of them appearing upon the scene as the escorts of a like number of boys, and a whole lot of others, unattached. Bee Greenleaf may be small, but she certainly can run a class social, and the girls all did their part, even unto the making of four or five trips to the refreshment room. Nothing bashful about the boys when it comes to ice-cream, is there, Mr. Stearns?! Then the girls had to ask for the dances. This, very naturally, afforded the boys great amusement!

No sooner is the social over, than we must think of the Senior play. Through the kindness and generosity of the citizens, the school has been presented with several pieces of good scenery, while the platform in the Assembly Hall has been transformed into a veritable stage with foot-lights, curtains, dressing rooms and all other necessary paraphernalia. We are proud of it, indeed, and fully realize the manifold advantages in having a stage of our own, and we members of the Class of 1912 are proud, too, that we left the beaten track and chose a Shakespearian drama with which to christen this stage of ours. How amply we are repaid for our choice! We doubt, however, if Edith could have withstood Kearsley's ardent wooing, if it had not been for those intermissions between acts, when the mask was laid aside, and both shone forth in their true light. To see them at such times, one would never think Edith needed taming!

Shortly after the play, it was announced that Atherton Monroe would be valedictorian, and Jeannette Daboll, salutatorian. So we know there's a "gude time" coming.

With the beginning of Spring, athletics became prominent again. The swimming pool is now abandoned for wrestling and boxing, but most especially for baseball. The first game of the season is played on the new Athletic field, April 13, with Concord High School, and results in victory for Waltham by a score of 11 to 4. This is the first baseball game to be played in an enclosed field in the history of the school, and it proves advantageous, both financially and otherwise. By means of a second team and also a number of teams made up of the lower classes, everyone is given a chance in the athletics of the school. And not only does it give more a chance to play, but also it trains and keeps in practice those who, in a year or so, will be available for the first

SWIMMING TEAM

team, and our first team always makes an enviable record.

On the 12th of March, an exceedingly fine concert is given in the High School hall, for the benefit of the "Mirror." We are glad to see, by the large number present, the interest taken in our school paper, and are happy to say that the "Mirror" is now running on a very good financial basis. About this same time, we are enjoying a series of lectures on Italy that are very much appreciated.

But the weeks fly by in spite of us, and before long the May vacation arrives, and with it the trip to Washington with Miss Spencer and Mr. Burke as chaperons to a crowd of exceedingly happy "nineteen-twelvers." Words cannot express, nor imagine conceive, the perfectly glorious times we all had—nor the thousand million different things we saw. Harold Eaton proved a great one for going off by himself and indulging in conversations with a most strong-minded parrot; while Kearsley used up all his surplus energy in trying to keep peace in the hotel, or in looking after Melrose on the boat. Well, surely "them was the happy days."

Upon arriving home, everyone went to sleep and stayed there most of the time till Monday morning. Then we went to school and strove to put our minds on our lessons, or, if genius burned, we settled down to the writing of a Class Ode. A little later, we learn that Henry Reed is our bright and shining star in poetry; and Herrick Greenleaf wins the honors for the best music. We congratulate them.

Soon it is rumored abroad that the "Mirror" will contain a story of the Washington Trip. Alice, almost beside herself with fear, makes a dash for it—one glance! the blow has fallen! There it is in black and white. Well, Alice, you know such actions as those do not remain secret long!

But now it is time for our last social. Old fashioned ladies, farmers, Indians, children, Japanese girls, in fact all colors, sizes and nationalities mingle happily in games and dancing, as well as in eating ice-cream and common crackers. And somehow, it doesn't seem possible that the next time we gather all together it will be as members of the Alumni.

Now the time passes swiftly and all in a minute we find ourselves living no longer in the past. We have accepted the invitation of the Class of 1913 to the Prom. We are here and are going to have a good time and then—the present fades into the future.

Two weeks more and our goal will be reached! We are glad to reach it; glad to know that success attends us after these four years of study; proud to realize that we have been laying the foundations for our life work in a good education; deeply thankful that we have, each one of us, been able to share the advantages offered by the public schools of our country. And yet, it is with deep regret, too, that we graduate and leave, for it means a parting of the ways. Henceforth, instead of the Class of 1912 travelling on and on together, each member must choose a path of his own, that will lead him to what he most desires, and each member of the Class of 1912 wishes to every other member best and truest success possible.

Members of Class of 1912

COLLEGE COURSE

H. Bernice Adams, Framingham Normal
Dorothy Allen, Wellesley
B. Lillian Barker
Hazel E. Bistrup
Dorothy M. Buell, Wellesley
Jeannette G. Daboll, Mt. Holyoke
Alice E. Dorr
Laura M. K. Fisher, Framingham Normal
Ora J. Gove
Marion A. Henry, Framingham Normal
Marion E. Hines, Framingham Normal
Irene F. Hoyt, Framingham Normal
Mary A. McDonough, Framingham Normal
I. L. Irmgarde Oelling, N. E. Conservatory
Rachel G. Sawyer
Mildred C. Smith, Simmons College
L. Marguerite Stiles, N. E. Conservatory
Mary A. Taylor, Boston University
Edith L. Wallis, Framingham Normal
Alice M. Wheeler, Simmons College
William A. Bailey, Boston University
Alfred P. Behrman
Richard A. Brackett, Wentworth Institute
Harold J. Fleming, Boston College
Herbert M. French, Tufts
Charles B. Janes, Exeter

TECHNICAL COURSE

Lawrence J. Allen, M. I. T.
Warren Ames, M. I. T.
J. Frederic W. Clark, Boston University
Carl E. Emerson, General Electric Engineering
Frederick P. Flagg, M. I. T.
B. Frank Fletcher
Herrick E. H. Greenleaf, Boston University
Charles P. McCabe
M. Atherton Monroe, M. I. T.
Henry L. Reed, Mass. Agricultural College
Carl A. Richards, Wentworth Institute
Willard A. Rowe
Hubert E. Wellcome, M. I. T.

GENERAL COURSE

Hazel A. Arneson
Nellie L. Barry
Lucy M. Buker, Boston University
Gertrude C. Butterfield, Lasell Seminary
Winifred Cushing
Marguerite S. Daniell
Helena M. Doherty
Winnifred W. Douglas
Madeline E. Fyfe, Sargent
Helen C. Godber, Sargent
Alice E. Gorman
Beatrice A. Greenleaf
Mildred W. Harvey
Kathryn T. Havey
Constance M. Hicks
Hazel S. E. Hodgman, Sargent
Mildred G. Howe
Roberta O. Johnson
Edith E. M. Kristenson, Emerson College
Flossie M. Maenche, Burdett College
Bertha F. McKenna
Myra M. Morris
Florence E. Murphy, School of English Speech and Expression
Signe M. Ridstrom
Hazel O. Sherman, Waltham Training School for Nurses
Laura B. Smith
Laura M. Stewart, McDowell's School
Bessie E. Strom, Bryant and Stratton's
H. Louise Taylor, Boston Normal Art
Richard Burckes, Wilbraham Academy
Alfred R. Cobb, Brown
Nathaniel E. Downs
William E. Duffy
Harold W. Eaton, Tufts
Herbert L. Evans
George H. Everett, Jr.
Herbert J. Kearsley, Boston University
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Walter E. Randles
Frederick C. Stearns, Mass. Agricultural College
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